

Just Pretend by CasaByers

Series: [Jancy Tropes \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Friends to Lovers, Romance, be nice lol, i wanted to write a cute and fluffy fic, just these two cuties being cute, my first fanfic for stranger things, so much damn fluff, this may not be good

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Original Characters, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Jancy - Relationship, Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-04-12

Updated: 2017-04-12

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:28:55

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,909

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan comes to Nancy's aid once again.

Just Pretend

Author's Note:

this is my first Stranger Things/Jancy fanfic EVER! I sort of fell head first into these cuties... this is just the first of many fics! enjoy!!

Nancy tried to keep a relaxed and pleasant face as her mother explained the family's weekend plans at the dinner table. But she felt like her face was becoming more of a grimace than anything.

The plans usually involved a road trip into Indianapolis to visit with her father's brother and his family. And she dreaded this pilgrimage every single year.

See Aunt Marg loved to corner Nancy, and then introduce her to all of the age appropriate boys in the neighborhood. Last year had been hell because she was forced to sit, be civil to and chat with a boy named Brock for hours. And she knew that she'd end up chatting with Brock again... for hours. And Nancy was dreading it.

It wouldn't have been a problem had Steve and her stayed together. Yeah that happened... Her pulling into herself more after last winter's events and he moving past it faster. They broke up, on good terms, which had made her feel better. She was fine being single. She'd even gained a new best friend. Someone unexpected.

Nancy glanced at her watch and realized that said best friend would be over to study soon.

"-- they'll get here on Saturday morning." Karen said as she finished explaining the plans.

Nancy was jostled from her thoughts, she looked at her mom with wide eyes, "they're coming here!?" She was stunned that she was able to keep her voice even.

"Yes, it'll be nice, they're staying in a hotel though... and they're bringing Brock!" Karen said with a grin.

Nancy honestly wanted to crawl under the table.

And then Mike started to talk about the science fair project he was working on with the boys... wormholes and alternate dimensions.

Nancy tried not to think too much about the incoming hell she'd have to be dealing with.

.

She glanced at her clock; it was 20 minutes past their normal meet up time. Not that she was sitting on her bed anxiously waiting. But she was getting worried. And then she heard a soft curse outside her window, a thud and a scuffle. Standing from her bed, she opened up the window and found Jonathan tugging himself up the roof again, looking frazzled.

"Are you okay?" Nancy asked, amused as he climbed through her window and got his boot caught on her curtain.

Jonathan fixed himself, his hair more messed than ever, he huffed out a breath. "Yes. I slipped." he explained, blushing hard. He could never figure out the logistics of climbing through her window.

And he'd been doing it almost every night for the past two months. As they grew closer and their friendship grew stronger. They'd started to hang out more and when she and Steve broke up, she had more free time and pretty soon, Jonathan Byers was taking up the majority of that time. With his messy hair, lopsided little grin, mix tapes and odd sense of humor... she'd grown rather fond of him. And it seemed the feeling was mutual.

"Right. Maybe you should start using the front door." Nancy suggested, again teasing him, she shut her window as cold air blew in.

Jonathan's eyes got wide, "would your mom really let me hang out in your room for hours every night?" he asked, then he blinked and blushed, "not that she'd have anything to worry about." he awkwardly added.

Nancy smiled shyly at that... yeah that was another thing they didn't

talk about it. They had sort of silently agreed to just ignore it.

"she trusts you, but my dad wouldn't." Nancy pointed out.

Her family knew they were closer now, her dad suddenly seemed displeased about something... and sadly it was her befriending Jonathan Byers.

Jonathan nodded, he'd never been in a situation where a girl's dad didn't like him... mainly because Nancy was the first girl to hang out with him and well his first friend.

"So, trigonometry!" Nancy clapped her hands together, Jonathan frowned. He hated math and Nancy smiled at how annoyed he got regarding it.

.

He'd taken off his jacket and shoes, was sitting on her bed, back against the headboard, math book open next to him and notebook in his hand. He kept squinting at the pages of the text book.

Nancy was at the foot of her bed, text book in her lap, legs crossed. She was chewing on the end of her pen; she glanced up and watched him for a bit, he was cute. And Nancy mentally slapped herself for that one. Then she saw him squinting, she smirked.

"Maybe you need glasses," Nancy said suddenly.

The slightly startled look Jonathan gave her as he glanced up made the comment worth it. She bit her pen and squinted at him, showing him that she was teasing him. He glared back.

"I do not need glasses. It's just that math is pointless..." he grumbled.

Nancy took pity on him and she crawled towards him. He looked up bewildered until she settled next to him, her shoulder bumping his.

"Some of it might be, but it's easy once you understand how the formulas work." Nancy said as she reached over to scribble on his notebook. He let her; he listened and tried to learn.

While she was reading through a sample problem, Jonathan decided to ask her a question.

"So... there's a movie coming out this week, wanna check it out?" Jonathan asked casually. Waiting. Hopeful.

They would go to the movies often. Her dragging him to see some teen movie, or romance... him picking action films... never Horror.

Nancy nodded slightly, still engrossed in the book.

"There's a new movie called "Romancing the Stone" I think it fits both of our preferred genres." Jonathan hoped it sounded appealing.

Nancy looked up at him, a smile on her face. And then she frowned. "I can't..." she sighed.

Jonathan tried to ignore the pang of hurt that filled his chest. "That's okay... we can try again." He said too quickly.

Nancy shook her head, "it's not that... my family is forcing me to help entertain my visiting aunt and uncle." She grumbled, she hated to complain too him about something so silly, but it was nice that she finally had someone to air her grievances to. "My dad's brother is this big shot cars salesman in the city, and he acts like it. And my aunt... she's nice enough but every time we visit she is trying to saddle me up with some boy." Nancy let out a sigh.

Jonathan looked slightly panicked, but she didn't notice because she was looking down at her text book.

"And I just know that mom told her that Steve and I broke up, and that sucks because they're bringing freaking Brock Johnson."

Jonathan suddenly hated Brock Johnson. He didn't know him, but he hated him.

"Just hang out at my place all weekend." Jonathan suggested. Hopeful.

Nancy smiled sweetly, "I wish... but I can't." She really wanted to do that. Hell, she'd rather help Jonathan organize his record collection

and help transfer them all to cassettes... before hanging with her in-laws... and Brock.

Silence fell between them.

He was thinking, trying to figure out a way to get her out of it.

Nancy was thinking too, already coming up with ideas on how to avoid Brock. She sighed, if her and Steve were still together, well that would fix everything. She almost laughed at herself, silly reason to stay together. Then she looked over at Jonathan, who was deep in thought. He was cute when he was thinking. Nancy quickly looked back into her text book, banishing that thought.

They lapsed back into homework and the incoming weekend was put on the back burner...

At least Jonathan made it seem that way.

.

Saturday rolled around and Will found Jonathan in the living room looking mopey then he had been on Friday night. Will knew it was because his older brother wasn't able to go and see Nancy.

... Mike had told him.

"So, you're just going to let Nancy hang out with Brock all day?" Will asked.

Jonathan glanced over, "what?" he wasn't even aware that Will knew anything about this.

Will smiled slightly, "Mikes been talking with me over the walkie talkies... when he can get away. He said that Nancy is miserable and Brock is a grade A bone-head."

Jonathan clinched his jaw. "so, what? It's not like there is anything I can do," he sat back on the couch.

"Go over there and save her!" Will said before he walked back down the hall.

Jonathan rolled his eyes. "I can't just barge over there." Jonathan called back.

This was when Joyce decided to come home from the store. "Why can't you barge somewhere?" She asked as she came through the front door.

Jonathan jumped up to help with the bags. He sighed, blushed hard. "The Wheelers... they're having family over." He said as he set the bags on the counter.

"And there's this weird guy named Brock who is all over Nancy and she hates it!" Will said as he walked back into the living room. He shoved Jonathan's tan and red flannel into his hand, one of his nicer shirts.

Joyce watched the exchange. "I think Nancy would appreciate it if you were to go over and help her." Joyce gently pat her eldest shoulder.

Jonathan was about to refute this.

"Yeah! Go and save the princess from the evil troll!" Will was excited now.

Jonathan smirked, "Nancy isn't a princess," at his moms raised eyebrow, "I mean she's capable of dealing with this on her own-" he was cut off when the walkie talkie in Will's hand crackled to life.

"Will! Brock asked Nancy to take him down to the basement... where's Jonathan, over!" Mike shouted over the walkie talkie's scratchy line.

Will and Joyce looked at Jonathan and he was already darting back down the hall.

....

Nancy still had that baseball bat in her closet... Jonathan had hosed it off thoroughly for her. Sometimes a nail would get caught on her sweater. So, she the pointy part in a box.

She wished she could pull that bat out right now.

Brock is talking to her about football. He's 6 feet tall, jock, very muscular. She's not interested and yet he keeps talking to her.

She wouldn't use the bat on the guy, just you know... scare him a little bit.

She almost smiled at the thought. And then she remembered that they were in the basement sitting on the couch. He keeps leaning towards her. Yeah this wasn't okay. Nancy glanced over at Brock. He was still talking.

She wished she was at the movies with Jonathan.

Then she heard the doorbell ring upstairs.

.

Mike was quick to volunteer to answer the door, so he could get away from Aunt Marg's tale of how a cat of theirs had met with some bad luck and the roof of the house.

He opened the door, and his eyes got wide. "Finally!" he said.

Jonathan stood there, awkwardly, hands stuffed in the pockets of his jeans, his flannel shirt buttoned up too much, his seemed to have been brushed to not be in his eyes.

"... is um nanc-" Jonathan stopped talking when he heard a group of people laughing. He looked even more nervous. "You know what, maybe I should just go." Jonathan said quickly.

Mike then turned around, "Nancy! Your boyfriend's here!" he hollered into the house.

Suddenly, as if a record stopped playing. The house went silent.

Jonathan was mortified.

Mike smiled.

Nancy was coming around the corner, "Mike, what are you talki-" she stopped when she saw Jonathan at the door. He gave an awkward little wave.

Nancy looked at Mike. Mike shrugged innocently and walked away.

Nancy stepped onto the front step. "Hi... um?" She motioned to him. Clearly confused.

"Yeah, I was going to leave, I look pretty damn stupid..." he admitted softly.

Nancy's eyes got that big, innocent look when she realized what exactly he was doing here. And so, she reached over and mussed up his hair, let it fall back over his eyes. And then she undid the top button on his shirt.

Jonathan was blushing again. And he really didn't care that it was obvious that he was leaning into her touch.

"Nancy! I didn't know you had a boyfriend?" That was her aunt.

Nancy let out an annoyed sigh and looked up into Jonathan's nervous face before she plastered on a fake grin and turned around.

"This is Jonathan, he's-"

Jonathan stepped past Nancy and reached for the older woman's hand, "I'm her boyfriend." He said grinning.

Nancy looked at him startled. And then she looked back at her aunt who suddenly had this look of acceptance come over her face. Nancy was stunned. Then she spied Brock, he had apparently come up from the basement and witnessed the whole thing. He had his hands in his pants pockets and was walking back to the kitchen, dejected.

Oh.

"Yes... this is my... Jonathan." Nancy wrapped her hands around his arm. He leaned into her. They both gave little smiles.

And then her aunt spun around, "Karen! Why didn't you tell me she

had a boyfriend?" She called into the kitchen.

Nancy let out a breath. Shut her eyes. "That was easy."

Jonathan almost relaxed.

And then Karen and Ted Wheeler were suddenly in the hallway, looking at them.

Karen looked stunned, Ted looked disappointed.

Nancy glanced at Jonathan and he at her as they seemed to realize how not easy this was about to get.

"I knew there was something going on!" Karen said happily.

Nancy squinted her eyes, "you knew?" she asked.

Karen nodded, "you got this dreamy look anytime Jonathan's name got brought up." Karen said as she grabbed Jonathan by the arm and dragged him into the kitchen.

Nancy stood there, "dreamy look?" She asked before she finally followed them.

.

Jonathan was almost regretting coming, between Mr. Wheeler's stern look, Aunt Marg's seemingly endless questions and Mrs. Wheeler's knowing smile, and Brock's glares in his direction. He wanted to leave. And when glanced at Nancy who was standing next to him, she looked the same.

Mike had been watching, now that the attention was fully on Nancy he had time to dart off and chat with his friends over the walkie talkies. But then he wanted to help his sister, so taking some more information that Will had given him, Mike finally eased into the middle of the conversation.

Good time too, as Aunt Marg suddenly brought up weddings, making Jonathan choke on the water he'd been sipping.

Nancy pat his back, trying to help.

“Jonathan! Weren’t you taking my sister to a movie this afternoon?” Mike asked casually.

Nancy looked at him confused, Jonathan was confused.

Aunt Marg had stopped talking.

Mike gave Jonathan a look, and then Jonathan got it.

“Oh right, yes... I purchased tickets, to see a movie... this afternoon.” Jonathan still looked confused.

“Oh right, I completely forgot... can we go, mom?” Nancy asked.

Karen looked at both teens, she nodded her head, “alright, but be home before 10.” She smiled as she spoke.

And Jonathan and Nancy didn’t waste any time leaving.

.

Outside and pulling their coats on as they walked to Jonathan’s car, Nancy was laughing. “I can’t believe that worked.” She said as she followed Jonathan.

He smirked, and opened the passenger side door for her to get in, she did and he shut it before darting around to the driver’s side.

Once he shut the door, they sat there for a moment.

Jonathan looked at Nancy, “Mike sure can think on his feet.” He admitted.

Nancy looked at him, “this wasn’t your plan all along?” he shook his head. “Then what were you going to do?” now she was curious.

Jonathan blushed, “come over, keep Brock away from you.” He said, he quickly stuck the key in the ignition. “So, you want me to drive you around the block or?” he asked as he pulled away from the house.

“Pretty sure you said we’d be going to a movie.” Nancy said this as she looked out the window and before she peaked over at him, a sly smile on her lips.

Jonathon smirked, “movie it is.”

.

It was early in the afternoon and the theater wasn’t full, Nancy and Jonathan sat near the back, popcorn, soda and candy in their laps.

“Never thought I could get Jonathan Byers’ to willingly go to a movie with the word romance in the title.” Nancy teased.

Jonathan smirked, “it’s an action movie... with bits of romance.” He clarified, hoping he was right. “Besides, I read that it’s a good date movie.” He said it so fast and then he froze.

Nancy had stopped chewing her popcorn, she looked over at him, and he had wide eyes and looked like he was ready to backtrack.

Nancy thought about it, she gently grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him closer, placing a soft kiss to the corner of his lips.

Jonathan looked startled but stayed close to her, he understood with the look she was giving him. That it was okay and this was okay. He nodded, smiled slightly and settled into his seat, leaning closer to Nancy.

Nancy rested her head on his shoulder and sighed happily.

..

The End